

## IN SEARCH OF PEACE

**T'S UNDER THE GROUND AND HA**

### Bill Arp Feels that it is not Good to have an Office-Holder in this Age

I used to think that the modern practice of interviewing a man was mightier than him, setting him up in a pulpit and making him say what he wanted to say. They "investigate" him, which is to say to be an intrusion on a man's privacy that is exceedingly disagreeable. I don't like it. It's humiliating and embarrassing, and operates on either fellow's ambition or for like a big injunction. "I had a hankering for a shining little office myself, but the workings are being investigated. I've withdrawn from the turf. I won't run any more." They think anybody knows as much as I do. They can't get anybody to take an offense on that. But it's a sad state of affairs. Mr. Mann told me they were going to investigate old father Barnes. I see how much wax he put in the

great seal of the State, and how long he had had his blue cotton umbrella. There's mighty little peace for the poor children of sorrow, especially when they live in the city. My advice to everybody who hankers after office is to come to the country, and go to dis-

...at's where peace is—just under the ground, and it has to be dug up or hoed up or plowed up while you live, and then you can bury yourself in it sweetly when you die.

I've been down to the little village of

arrivato where there's nothing to  
 visitate and nobody in trouble. And Providence has smiled upon them in  
 a primitive country and given them rain for their  
 season, and they feel comfortable and  
 full of hope and gratitude, and abound  
 a thousand of 'em had gathered  
 together to frolic and eat sheep  
 and have a good time generally. Another  
 way had it. I didn't know there was  
 doggerly in the county. There's no  
 man drunk or drinking. I never

a quarrel nor a cuss word nor a  
 ated shoot, nor saw a wagon run away  
 any other thing to disturb the gen  
 al peace and tranquillity. Everybod  
 was in a good humor, especially m  
 end Gains, who weighs two hundred  
 d forty pounds and laughs akkordin  
 d sells fertiles and writes poetry, an  
 g girls call him the sweet skylark o  
 the Tallapoosa. Every community  
 ight to have a Gains in it to prevent  
 gnation and save doctors' bills.  
 The brass band tooted us out to th  
 rbeche under the inspiring strains o  
 ixth Colonel Tom Hardaway, w

...the king of the field, the bull or  
woods, the patron saint of the farm-  
ers in Georgia. He was there to tell  
them what he knew about farming, and  
I was invited to tell him what I idden-  
ly knew about the life of a Georgia  
farmer. I was as leaves in Yalanbar-  
the day was hot, and so I took a  
y on an em and didn't expose my  
it is, I was put on a farm in my early  
ed for a few days, and then I was  
black land. The rocks were what we  
old Winnett "nigger heads,"  
I was so little and old all the  
I called me "Museum" for Methuse-  
I was a little boy, and I was  
I didn't have any talent, and so he un-  
I was a little boy, and I was

put one foot behind a jack plane and asked me to shove it. This I did for six months when one day I fell off a two-story house and broke my arm and shoulder. My mother's heart. She told me I always entertained a Christian as a president. When I put on a Sunday dress and recited the shorter catechism, she knew I would be a preacher. But when I repeated Patrick Henry's greatest speech and assumed a fighting attitude, she said, "Give meliority or give me a shove," she would shake her head in

about the preacher and settle  
upon the president. She alter-  
ed so long between the two that  
ame neither, my nearest approach  
the sacred calling being a remarka-  
fondness for women and fried  
icken.

Colonel Hardeman talked to em like  
ther and a patriot. The old men  
pt over his eloquence as he recalled  
good old days and the good old  
ys of our fathers. The young men  
of with venture and the same

"I am very well in body, Mr. Harde-  
n. But my mind is not right: I'm  
pleased."

ing, sir, mentally; but, Tom Hard-  
son, you are my man for governor."  
The colonel looked around upon the  
crowd and remarked: "Gentlemen, I  
don't think Mr. Fleming's mind is se-  
riously affected—do you?"  
And everybody shouted, "No, no;  
he is sound."  
Mr. Fleming then made an assault  
upon my ignorance and asked me if I  
could tell what kind of calves would

everybody laughed tremendous  
I don't know yet what they was a  
ghin at—do you?  
BILL ARP.

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**reentry on the Railroad Car.**  
The following amusing scene was  
witnessed by the reporter at the depot  
yesterday:  
A gentleman from the country pur-  
chased a first-class ticket to Goldsboro.

after kissing an affectionate farewell to his better half, seated himself in the express car, thinking (perhaps from the fact of its being the first car on the line) that it was the first-class car. He scarcely seated himself before the conductor tapped him on the shoulder and politely informed him that the car in which he was sitting was the express car and no passengers could ride there-

On receiving the information the countryman drew himself up with an air of insulted dignity, and the following conversation ensued:

Countryman—"Sur, wus yu a speak-to me?"

Conductor—"Yes, my friend. You not ride in this coach; it is the ex-sos coach."

countryman—"Spreess coach; thun-  
you say! What I kere fur that? I  
ght my first-class ticket and paid  
two dollars and twenty cents fur it,  
I guess I'll ride on the first-class  
your bet!"

conductor—"Yes, my friend, you are  
tled to a seat in the first-class car,  
this is *not* the first-class car."

countryman—"O shucks, you're givin' me moonlight on a shovel now. Ye 't throw dirt in this chile's eyes, if is from the country. Can't I see is the fust room in the ingin?"

conductor—"Come, my man, this

never do; the train will start in a nent. You must get out and go er down."

countryman—"Let her start, a lazy ger; she'd oughter bin gone a long

But see here, stranger, you'd er look sharp when you call me low n agin, or I'll put an eye on ye."

ductor—"You are mistaken. I n't said you were low down: I

## AN ECCENTRIC FAMILY.

**SISTERS OF THE SOUTH.**  
A Lady who Rejected One Hundred Sisters, and Married the One Hundred and First—“Requiesce.”

the Grundy in the Philadelphia Times.  
“Since there has been so much discussion in print about the will of the late Mrs. Dorsey, of Mississippi, making a large bequest to Jefferson Davis, I think your readers may be interested to hear more of the donor’s family and

and their eccentricities. I have known and now know several members of this very talented family, whose talents in two or three instances have been misdirected by an erratic tendency, which was skillfully portrayed by one of the family, Mrs. Wardfield, in the well-known novel "The Household of Bonerique." I was assured by one of the family not long after the novel appeared that, strange as its characters

When the story was finally summed up in family history, and that Mrs. Wardwell's father, the grandfather of the recently deceased Mrs. Dorsey, was mentioned, the story of the family was told. To see how thinly "Beauvoir," the name of the family residence, is disseminated in "Bouverie. There were three Bouveries Percy, who were, many years ago, greatly admired heretics in Mississippi, and who also had literary tastes, and the production of the "Three Sisters of the South," as nearly as I can remember the words of the title. The first of the three sisters became first Mrs. Ellis (the mother of Mrs. Dorsey, and of Mr. Porcupine, of Louisiana), and subsequently

Recently married General Charles Dahlgren, who was the brother of the late Rear Admiral Dahlgren. She also had her children than those named. Another sister became Mrs. Warfield, whose novel I have alluded. She

The third sister, though whether the youngest or not I cannot say, was so fully persuaded of her powers of conquest as to declare she would never marry until she had refused one hundred offers, and I have been assured she kept her word. She declined that number, but must have had least a sentiment in favor of No. 100 for I have been informed that she always kept a portrait hanging over her bed even

her marriage to No. 101, which thus  
was a comedy. He died young, and  
Miss Percy had her romantic meeting  
with her fate. That romance occurred  
on the fashion so favored in novels.  
He fair plier of one hundred hearts  
made for her on his spirit horse, and  
he was her father's plantation,  
her Jackson, Miss. Her horse became  
unmanageable when she was urging  
him to cross a bayou, and forthwith a  
man in the shape of a "solitary horse-  
man" appeared to rescue her. She  
was rescued from her fate after the horse  
again became obedient to his mistress.  
The stranger gave a good account of  
himself, and being a handsome man  
made such good use of his time that the

friendship began before they reached her father's house. He was invited to a guest there, and honorably confessed that he was too poor to venture ask Miss Percy to wed with him. But she said she had enough for both, and her father gave them his blessing for a plantation near Greenville, S. C., where they resided after Miss Percy wedded Major Lee. for that was

the name of the one hundred and first  
so sought her hand. I used to know  
o of the children of this marriage.  
e, Kate, married about the time the  
ur broke out, a South Carolinian,  
o became colonel of a cavalry regi-  
ent of the Confederacy. His wife,  
spirited an equestrienne as her  
other, used to ride beside her hus-

nd when his regiment was march-  
g. Her mother, Mrs. Lee, died long  
fore the war. I attended, as a school-  
l in Louisville, the second wedding  
Major Lee, who was then married to  
Emma Knight, a well-known  
le of that city. Both are now dead,  
t left children.

On these days many of our citizens are or are going off on fishing excursions. These are all very well in their way; but the question arises, what do they do with the fish? They never bring any home, and the size of the stories they tell confute the theory that the fishermen have eaten all their catch. Perhaps the following from the Detroit

ee Press explains it. It states that a man having purchased some fishing tackle went out to fish. People who were watching him saw that he paid fully as much attention to a flask of whisky as to his fish-line, and it was remarkable that every time he took a drink he appeared to get several bites at the hook. After

had been fishing for an hour, he was hauling up the hook about once every ten seconds, and an idler sauntered over and observed:

"Beginning to bite, eh?"

"Yes, it seems zat way," replied the n, as he hauled up again.

"Are you having more bites than en you first begun?"

"Well," answered the fisherman, as vainly tried to look the other in the eye. "I can't zhactly shay. I'm either drinking more whisky or more fish, and I'm going to keep right at it till one or t'other am all gone?"

"Is that a great trouble that affects our fishermen is the drinking water; as a general thing it is a very poor. A recipe.

is taken from the London *Lancet* describes an ounce or two of pure best India lime juice, with sugar, as best drink for hot weather and fish-parties. The *Lancet* man is right, unless our memory fails us, he has out one or two of the ingredients. This recipe and its comment is furnished gratis, not even a morsel of fish is

**Beaufort Ball.**  
The *Tarbois Southerner* has a full description of the Beaufort ball, in which notice the following paragraphs relate to Raleigh's daughters.  
Mis Dee Bryan, of Raleigh, a bru-

... with beautiful black eyes, looked  
... in a yellow bunting, trim-  
... with yellow silk; artificial flowers  
... gold ornaments.  
... Miss Kramer, of Raleigh, a lovely  
... bride, was testefully and becomingly  
... dressed in a cream colored bunting  
... with cardinal and white trimmings,  
... gold ornaments.

rs. Colonel Young, of Raleigh, North Carolina, and one of the most stylish women on the floor, wore an elegant black muslin and lace over gaslight-green silk. Diamond ornaments.

is a newly married bride. Mrs. Mary Green, of Raleigh, also a bride, was much admired in a white dress, natural flowers and gold ornaments.











